Adventures of the famous

Written by Beatrice Fairfax

From the Scenario by Basil Dickey

Everything You Read Here Today You Can See This Week

At Leading Motion Picture Theatres in Vivid Motion Pictures Produced by the Famous WHARTON Studio for This Newspaper

With MR. HARRY FOX as Jimmie Barton, MISS GRACE DARLING as BEATRICE FAIRFAX

These Wonderful Pictures Shown Every Week at the VICTOR Theatre

Copyright, Star Company, 1916. Al' Foreign Rights Reserved

EPISODE FOUR

THE STONE GOD. THE STONE GOD.

WONDER what would have been bonald Jordan's fate if Howard Barnes, city editor of the Journal, had not noticed an inconspicuous item in an Exchange. I wonler what would have been the end of Jorothy McRay's love story if James Barnes, city editor what would have been the end of Jorothy McRay's love story if James Barnes, reporter, had failed to make good on he seemingly simple, but really very difficult, assignment which Barnes gave him one norning.

ult, assignment which balls a general norning.

Before I tell you the strange story of The Stone God." I want to explain a newstaper custom that is everywhere prevalent aper custom that is everywhere prevalent. Because different minds react to different stimuli the editor of one paper on reading another paper often sees little items which suggest a big story to him, while to the editor in whose paper he finds these items they seem good only for a line or two.

So each morning the City Editor of everynewspaper goes over dozens of exchangelooking for suggestions. He blue-pencies these which seem to him to offer promise of

heavy English writing. "Looks more love letter than a letter about love."

was not in the mood for hanter so !

must have had an ending so hideous that it would have haunted her all her days, if the web of circumstances had not been woven in a deft pattern, starred with colors bright

of it.

"I got THAT number all right—and now,
Here is Jimmy's story just as he told it with the number you have, I think we're on house to Jimmy's picturesque our way to get our friend Ali's number had vital slang as a mere woman can re
What do you think about it?"

thrown off so bon could come in and get me."

"So, that's how he happened to be in the house to night. He can for you—not to house to night. The can when we were on our way that do you think about it?"

But afterward with colors bright.

Your father?"
The girl looked at her questioner fo, a moment and then turned eyes of anguish and reproach on his prisoner. She opened her lips to speak and then stumbled bacl and fell fainting in my arms.

"As soon as the girl is a little better, you'd better come along with me, Miss Fair-fax," said Jimmy.



strange portent.

Strange portent.

"My story seems to interest you." said had left it for the next morning's mail—the fate of a great many people must have been sadly different.

But I did thrust that letter carelessly into my pocket, and it dropped to the floor just when Jimmy and I were finishing dinner in a quiet corner of the English grill.

Jimmy picked it up and frowned at the square, heavy English writing. "Looks more like a love letter than a letter about love."

Strange portent.

"My story seems to interest you." said Jimmy smillingly "Want to hear the next chapter? Well, we left Jimmy on the table neering through the transom. The stranger I had followed to Ali's apartmental talked a good deal louder than the priest, so I got what he said. The next bit of repartee which came my way was: Each night he takes it from the vault and looks at it. With my eyes I had a sudden feeling that

"Miss Fairfax, I had a sudden feeling that whatever 'It' was I wanted to see it, too. There's something mysterious and magical sounding about those East Indian chaps that sounding about those East Indian chaps that just about hypnotizes a fellow. And that stranger salaamed so respectfully when he spoke of 'it' that all I could think it might be was a pigeon blood ruby from the forehead of Buddha or some little trinket like that!"

Neither Jimmy nor I could possibly have imagined how much more "it" stood for to those Euddhist priests than would even a priceless pigeon blood ruby from the forehead of an idol have meant.

"At the very end only Pole Vit spele."

I turned and stared at Jimmy. He seemed

breathless voice.

"Fate seems to be writing another story good because of 'it' that all I could think it might be for us to work out in collaboration, Miss for us to work out in collaboration, Miss for us to work out in collaboration, Miss for use of this collaboration was a pigeon blood ruby from the forchead of the degree of the start of the forch of the work of the start of the start of the start of the work of the

I was ready to close up my desk for the evening when Jimmy Barton came into the office looking puzzled and discouraged. His usually fluent typewriter gave a click or two and then stopped as if inspiration and facts as well were lacking.

Utter dejection appeared to have possession of the usually smiling Jimmy, so I decided on a little home missionary work and invited Mr. Barton to come home with me for dinner.

He insisted that he hadn't time for that, but that he'd like to take me out to dinner and tell me his troubles. Just as we were leaving the letter of which I have told you came. I picked it up carelessiv snough.

At that juncture chance and circumstance did a very wonderful stroke of work. If had not put that letter in my pocket.—If I had left it for the next morning's mail—the

"My story seems to interest you." Said that and ordered Donald on a time."

I make the difference of the man whom the make and circumstance did a very wonderful stroke of work. If had not put that letter in my pocket—if I had left it for the next morning's mail—the limits approve of eavesdropping, hat the word approve of eavesdropping, hat and in the story—she had to give heavest that that he had not such the policy of the relief of words.

The minutes strong the relief of waiting the relief of w

"And he led me to a cross street, where he vanished into an empty-looking place with a big 'For Sale' sign across the front of it.

"The was nothing he could do about it.

"Don begged me to slope with him, and I decided to do it this very evening—while my courage held out. I had my suitcase all packed and the night bock on the door of it.

Above the body stood an erect good-looking chap in whose hand was a blood stained knife. A maid stood shrinking back against a fall screaming at latervals with the fact that the man who held the knife, and silenced him when he maie an effort to speak.

The officer seized the man who held the knife and silenced him when he maie an effort to speak.

Then he turned to another girl who was far fact had not noticed her. She was a remarkably oretty girl of the aboverlike English type. But her face had a look of horror and silenced to comparisons were slitten smooth for the conservation of the comparisons were slitten smooth to speak.

Then he turned to another girl who was a remarkably oretty girl of the aboverlike English type. But her face had a look of horror and silenced to comparisons were slitten smooth to speak.

The policier seized the man who held the knife with had bound them. Philosophy is colding the comparison were slitten smooth to speak.

Then he turned to another girl who was a remarkably oretty girl of the aboverlike English type. But her face had a look of horror and silenced him when he maie an effort to speak.

The policier seized the man who held the knife with a dildent provided the man who held the face in the shadows that I had not noticed her. She was a remarkably oretty girl of the aboverlike English type. But her face had a look of horror and silenced him when he will be avesiged.

The policier seized the man who held the knife which the young the will be a sealed the will be a sealed the will be above of her girl of the same late of the will be a sealed to every girl who held come the will be a sealed to every girl of the East Indian knew might be sealed to the world forever if the only man who he do mere our decision madam, since our affairs to the world forever if the only man who he does not until the will be sealed the secret combination which will be sealed the secret combination which will be sealed the secret tombination which will will be sealed the secret combination which will wh

the grave in his turn.

"We go to take the Buddha—and the life of Sahib McRay's daughter. The little white memsahib shall die. Now is it clear? Now do you see the cards on the table?"

"Will you let the white memsahib speak?"

I asked.

I asked.
"Speak before you die!" sald Mahmud in a voice which even then in that moment of doom I felt no place anywhere in the world except in a comic opera with a libretto by

Suddenly Dorothy's self control broke. Her love was so great that not even her hideous suspicion could turn it to hatred. A vision of Donald paying the penalty for his crime must have softened her heart, for now she burst into wild weeping and flung herself into arms which were held out to enfold her. lower enfold her. Jimmy and I were rushing up the path to

bear witness for the innocent young law-yer. Jimmy was an incongruous enough fig-are in his turban and the robes which bel-lowed and eddied and gave eccentric visions of the trousered legs beneath them.

Jimmy Barton certainly did not look like a Heaven-sent messenger; but I am sure Dorothy McRay thought he was when he cried out dramatically. "The murderer of Mr. McRay is in the vault!"

feels always in empty houses.

We found the door open. Quietly we crept in through the dark entrance hall. Jimmy led the way up a narrow dight of stairs. They seemed to creak and remonstrate with us as we made our way up through the thick pall of darkness. Beneath one door we saw a betraying crack of light. That must be the meeting place of the East Indians.

A voice of stoy musted advance the

design and treachery.

If got THAT number all right -and now our properties of the p

ons-villed roon with a stone altar at the last. On this altar stood a squat figure is controlled black arole.

Bandhe carved out of slawless black arole.

The captain's young orde glowed with easure when her eyes fell on the exquisite-carved figure. It became the desire of her carved figure, it became the desire of her for her was a chance to give his belove may define the growth of the world at her feet.

There was a chance to give his belove may fer he was a chance to give his belove may define the world at her feet.

There was a chance to give his belove may fer he world at her feet.

There was a chance to give his belove may fer her was a chance to give his belove may define her again offered him all the oney he had brought with him, never a altar. The captain offered him all the oney he had brought with him, never a last the cupidity of the East would at the price of the world at her feet.

The first price is a little bit—the heat, the relations and the disappointment made her stulant.

The husband culf not bear her tears—he had here wished that what could not be purchased could be taken; but first he would ask one nore effort to buy the idol, That which here was a manuel to was a manuel to was a manuel to went in search of the god. Said Mahmud, ask one nore effort to buy the idol, That which event is Ali Jaibel?"

Al last they decided to gave with the good of the fear and terror the man decided how to dispose of us.

Al last they decided to gave which they use in the dear and terror the man feet to dear her tear had there of the fear and terror the man feet that the was consecuted to Mahmud, waiting fear—his tribute to dead to the fear and terror the man feet that the was an and terror the man feet the fear and terror the man feet the man feet of the fear and terror the man feet the man feet of the fear and terror the man feet the manuel that the was consecuted to Mahmud, waiting fear—his tribute of the man feet of the fear and terror the man feet of the fear and terror the man feet of the fear and terror

who are enduring territory streem and ordered a shoot. We were the demands of the streem of the stre

the house to which be had followed the mysterious East Indian he would have heard the story of the theft of Buddha told by the

mysterious East Indian he would have heard the story of the theft of Buddha told by the young priest himself.

For All Jaibel, Rajo of Calcutts, was the priest, and Christopher McKay the Englishman on whom Buddha had commanded him to take vengeance.

When Jimmy and I found the descrted house where, just that afternoon All had told his followers the story which I have written down for you—the story of the Stone God—it stood silent and forbidding with the unwinking coldness of exterior one feels always in empty houses.

We found the door open. Quietly we crept in through the dark entrance hall. Jimmy led the way up a narrow dight of stairs. They seemed to creak and remonstrate with the dark entrance hall. Jimmy led the way up a narrow dight of stairs. They seemed to creak and remonstrate with the dark entrance hall. Jimmy led the way up a narrow dight of stairs. They seemed to creak and remonstrate with the dark entrance hall. Jimmy led the way up a narrow dight of stairs.